

Akala's Comedy Tragedy History

Dat boy Akala's a diamond fella

All you little boys are a Comedy of Errors

You bellow but you fellows get played like

The cello, I'm doing my ting

You're jealous like Othello

Who you? what you gonna do?

All you little boys get Tamed like the Shrew

You're mid-summer dreamin'

Your tunes ain't appealing

I'm Capulet, you're Montague, I ain't feeling

I am the Julius Caesar hear me

The Merchant Of Venice couldn't sell your CD

As for me, All's Well That Ends Well

Your boy's like Macbeth, you're going to Hell

Measure for Measure, I am the best here

You're Merry Wives of Windsor not King Lear

I don't know about Timon

I know he was in Athens

When I come back like Hamlet you pay for your action

[Verse 2]

Dat boy Akala, I do it As You Like It

You're Much Ado About Nothing

All you do is bite it
I'm too tight, I don't need 12 Nights
All you little Tempests get murked on the mic
Of course I'm the one with the force
You're history just like Henry IV
I'm fire, things look dire
Better run like Pericles Prince Of Tyre
Off the scale, cold as a Winter's Tale
Titus Andronicus was bound to fail
So will you if Akala get at ya
That's suicide like Anthony & Cleopatra
Cymbeline was a modern day Bridget Jones
Love's Labours' Lost, a woman on her own
She needed Two Gentlemen Of Verona
This is illa State and I am the owner

[Verse 3]

Wise is the man that knows he's a fool
Tempt not a desperate man with a jewel
Why take from Peter to go pay Paul?
Some rise by sin and by virtue fall
What have you made if you gain the whole world
But sell your own soul for the price of a pearl?
The world is my oyster and I am starving
I want much more than a penny or a farthing

I told no joke, I hope you're not laughing
Poet or pauper which do you class him?
Speak eloquent, though I am resident to the gritty inner city
That's surely irrelevant
Call it urban, call it street
A rose by any other name, smell just as sweet
Spit so hard, but I'm smart as the Bard
Come through with a Union Jack for the yard

{verse 4}

Akala, Akala, wherefore art thou?
I'm the black Shakespeare and
The secret's out now
Chance never did crown me, this is destiny
You still talk but it still perplexes me
Devour cowards, thousands per hour
Don't you know the king's name is a tower?
You should never speak it
It is not a secret
I teach thesis, like ancient Greece's
Or Egyptology, never no apology
In my mind's eye, I see things properly
Stopping me, nah you could never possibly
I bear a charmed life, most probably
For certain I put daggers in a phrase

I'll put an end to your dancing days
No matter what you say it will never work
Wrens can't make prey
Where eagles don't perch
I'm the worst with the words
Cos I curse all my verbs
I'm the first with a verse to rehearse with a nurse
There's a hearse for the first jerk who turn berserk
Off with his head, cos it must not work
Ramp with Akala, that is true madness
And there's no method in it, just sadness
I speak with the daggers and the hammers
Of a passion when I'm rappin I attack 'em
In a military fashion the pattern of my rappin
Chattin couldn't ever map it
And I run more rings round things than Saturn
Sick, never slackin' like a pig with a baton
Verses split big kids wigs when I'm rappin
That boy Akala, the black Shakespeare
Didn't want to listen, when I said last year
Rich like a gem in an Ethiope's ear
Tell them again
For them who never hear

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=kUCFlzrkclg>